AND BEAUTY FREE.



Wrinkles and lines removed; bust and form developed; sunken cheeks made piump; superduo is nair destroyed; excessive redness and birthmarks removed; your birthmarks removed; you cosmetica, paints or enamels; gr y hair restored to its natural color and youthful appearance without the use of dyes; your sain cleared of all dis-olorations,

various forms a eczema, acue, pimples, blackheads, roughness, and, in fact, everything detrimental to beauty, removed and cured by MME. M REMA, who is now in the city, and ladies purchasing any of her treatments not only receive the benefit of her time-tried remedies, preparations and appliances, but they also receive the benefit of her valuable advice and treatments free.

A Beautiful \$3 Present, Free for the Last Time.

Every lady purchasing any of Mme. M. Rema's reliable remedies or Beauty Culture preparations this week will be given a full-sized

\$3 Jar of "Balm of Youth" Free. The original skin nourishment and wrinkle eradi-cator. The only preparation in the world that fat-tens by absorption any part of the fare and neck where applied, and removes all wrinkles, lines, crowfeet, and restores a youthful contour to any wrinkled or a runken face. Also, orders sent in by mail will receive the above present.

Ladies can be successfully treated by mail by sending this advertisement and 6 cents postage, and receive the Madame's valuable book, "Beauty Culture," free.

cess MME. M. REMA. Cordova Building, In-olis, Ind. Ladies calling take elevator at est Washington street, between Illinois and an streets, to parlors—Suite 14, 15 and 16.

MONDAY WINDOW BARGAINS

\$17-TO-\$30 One handred of them at

\$7.98

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Ladies' Writing Desks-100 of them only—in artistic Mahogany and Curly Birch, regular price \$17 to \$30, Monday at \$7.98.

Sale begins Monday morning at 8. No telephone orders taken. No dealer allowed to buy if we know him. Only cash orders received. Compare these Desks with others in the market. Look at the other windowful of

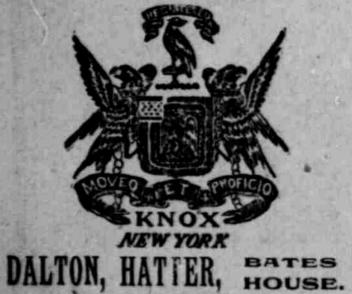
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Store open every night till Christmas



The Bible is a book of faith, and a book of doctrine, and a book of morals, and a b ok of religion, of espeal revelation from God.

—DANIEL WEBSTER. KNOX'S, World Renowned HATS.



NOVELTY! THE REGINA MUSIC BOX. PLAYS THOUSANDS OF TUNES. On a Steel Comb, and far surpasses the finest Swiss music box made in quality of tone.



Music at the price of a piece of sheet The tune sheets structible. Plays 15 minutes with one winding, Case is ornamental and a beautiful and ent for the holi-

Liberty Bell March

and all the Latest

Boxes from \$12 to \$100. andsome illustrated catalogue upon applica CARLIN & LENNOX.

31 E. Market Street, opposite Journal Building.

FREE!

Watches

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Absolutely Free HOWP Simply by purchasing your goods from the following merchants and receiving from them coupons, which I will accept as cash for anything in my line of trade. Don't walt, but commence to-day and call for coupons and get your JEWELRY FREE at

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Frank H. Rupert, Furniture, 59 W. 6. Capital Harness Store, 169 W. Wash-Gents' Furnishing, J. E. Whelden, &

N. Pennsylvania St. 8. Brown's Shoe Store, 158 E. Washing-Fresh and Salt Meats, Fred Prange,

10. Pyle Bros., grocers, flour, feed, 294 fassachusetts Ave.
11. The Erdman Tailoring Co., 29 S. Illifonarch Grocery Co., 84 E. Washing-13. Chas. L. Hutchinson. Carpets, Wall Paper and Furniture, 89 E. Washington St. 14. Parisian Cloak House, 68 and 70 E. Washington St.

"WALKING DELEGATE"

FIRST AMERICAN STORY WRITTEN BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

It Deals with the Labor Question and All of the Actors Are Horses in a Vermont Pasture.

The first American story from the pen of Rudyard Kipling has a place in the December number of the Century. It is called "A Walking Delegate," and it covers

almost every phase of the labor question as discussed by the professional agitator. A number of horses are turned out in a Vermont pasture, and to them comes a rawboned Kansas horse, who urges them to stand up for the rights of universal horsehood, and to resist the oppressor, man. His arguments do not fall on fruitful soil, as the following brief extracts will show. Boney, the Kansas horse, is talking:

"Now I ask you-I ask you without prejudice an' without favor-what has man, the oppressor, ever done for you? Are you not inalienably entitled to the free air o' heaven, blowin' acrost this boundless

"Ever wintered here?" said the Deacon, merrily, while the others snickered. "Not yet," said Boney. "I come from the boundless confines o' Kansas, where the noblest of our kind have their abidin'place among the sunflowers on the thresh-

old o' the settin' sun in his glory." "An' they sent you ahead as a sample?" said Rick, with an amused quiver of his long, beautifully groomed tail, as thick and as fine and as wavy as a quadroon's

"Kansas, sir, needs no advertisement.
Her native sons rely on themselves an'
their native sires. Yes, sir."
Then Tweezy lifted up his wise and polite
old head. His affliction makes him bashful as a rule, but he is ever the most courteous of horses. "Excuse me, suh," he said slowly, "but, unless I have been misinfonmed, most of you prominent siahs, suh, are impo'ted from Kentucky; an' I'm from Paduky."

There was the least little touch of pride

the last words. "Any horse dat knows beans," said Muldoon, suddenly (he had been standing with his head on Tweezy's broad quarters), "gits his head on Tweezy's broad quarters), "gits outer Kansas 'fore dey crip his shoes. I blew in dere from Ioway in de days o' me youth an' innercence, an' I wuz grateful when they boxed me fer N'York. You can't tell me anything about Kansas I don't wanter fergit. De Belt Line stables ain't no Hoffman House, but dey're Vanderbilts 'longside o' Kansas.

HORSE SENSE IN KANSAS. "What the horses o' Kansas think to-day, the horse of America will think to-morrow an' I tell you that when the horses of America rise in their might, the day o' the oppressor is ended."

a little chuckle: "Ef you put it that way, every one of us has riz in his might, 'cep' Marcus, mebbe. Marky, 'j ever rise in yer might?" "Nop," said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus,

There was a pause, till Rick said, with

"Nop," said Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, calmly quidding over a mouthful of grass. "I seen a heap o' fools try, though."

"You admit that you riz?" said the Kansas horse, excitedly. "Then why—why in Kansas did you ever go under again?"

"Horse can't walk on his hind legs all the time," said the Deacon.

"Not when he's jerked over on his back fore he knows what fetched him. We've all done it, Boney," said Rick. "Nip and Tuck they tried it, spite o' what the Deacon told 'em; an' the Deacon he tried it, spite o' what Grandee told us; an' I guess Grandee he tried it, spite o' what his dam told him. It's the same old circus from generation to generait, spite o' what his dam told him. It's the same old circus from generation to generation. Colt can't see why he's called on to back. Same old rearin' on end—straight up. Same old feelin' that you've bested 'em this time. Same old little yank at yer mouth when you're up good and tall. Same old Pegasus act, wonderin' where you'll light. Same old wop when you hit the dirt with your head where your tail should be, and your in'ards shook up like a brandmash. Same old voice in your ear: 'Waal, ye little fool, an' what did you reckon to make by that?' We're through with risin' in our might on this farm. We go to pole er single, accordin' ez we're hitched."

"An' man the oppressor sets an' gloats over you same as he's settin' now. Hain't that been your experience, madame? But what you do not understand, if you will excuse me, madame, is that the whole what you do not understand, if you will excuse me, madame, is that the whole principle o' servitood, which includes keep an' feed, starts from a radically false basis; an' I am proud to say that me an' the majority o' the horses o' Kansas think the entire concern should be relegated to the limbo of exploded superstitions. I say we're too progressive for that. I say we're too enlightened for that. 'Twas good enough 's long 's we didn't think, but now—but now—a new loominary has arisen on the horizon." HORSES POKING FUN.

"Meanin' you?" said the Deacon. "The horses o' Kansas are behind me with their multitoodinous thunderin' hoofs, an' we say, simply but grandly, that we take our stand with all four feet on the inalienable rights of the horse, pure and simple, the high-toned child o' nature, fed by the same wavin' grass, cooled by the same ripplin' brook-yes, an' warmed by the same gen'rous sun as falls impartially on the outside an' the inside of the pampered machine o' the trottin' track, or the bloated coupe horses o' these yere Eastern

cities. Are we not the same flesh and blood?"
"Not by a bushel an' a half," said the "Not by a bushel an' a half," said the Deacon, under his breath. "Grandee never was in Kansas."

"My! Ain't that elegant, though, about the wavin' grass an' the ripplin' brooks?"

Tuck whispered in Nip's ear. "The gentleman's real convincin', I think."

"I say we are the same flesh an' blood. Are we to be separated, horse from horse, by the artificial barriers of a trottin' record or are we to look down upon each other on the strength o' the gifts o' nature other on the strength o' the gifts o' nature
—an extry inch below the knee, or slightly
more powerful quarters? What's the use
o' them advantages to you? Man the oppressor comes along, an' sees you're likely an' good lookin', an' grinds you to the face o' the earth. What for? For his own pleasure; or his own convenience. Young an' old, black and bay, white an' gray, there's no distinctions made between us. We're ground up together under the remorseless teeth o' the engines of oppression."

"Guess his breechin' must ha' broke goin'
daown-hill," said the Deacon. "Shippery
road, maybe, an' the buggy come onter him,
an' he didn't know 'nough to hold back.
That don't feel like teeth, though. Maybe
he busted a shaft, an' it pricked him."

GOSSIP OF CITY LIFE.

Superintendent Charlton, of the Reform School for Boys, at Plainfield, weighs 320 pounds. It is related of him that he wanted one day to come to the city at a time when there were no local trains. There was, however, a through train, which did not deign to stop at such a small place. Mr. Charlton knew the conductor, and, being a large shipper, as a representative of the State, concluded to take that train. The operator was asked to notify the conductor as the train stopped at Greencastle that there was a large party at Plainfield that wanted to go to Indianapolis on his train. This was equivalent to an order to stop, and the conductor rang down the train as it approached the seat of the reform school. He looked out to see the people that were to enter the train, but Charlton was the only one that mounted the steps. "Where's that crowd?" said the conductor as he nodded to Mr. Charlton. "I was informed that there was a large party that wanted to take this train to Indianapolis."
"Weil," said Mr. Charlton, with a smile, "ain't I a large party?"
"You rascal," exclaimed the conductor, as he saw the game that had been played upon him, which he was forced to take good natured by "if you ever play that on me again.

Dr. Sims, of the Meridian-street Church, was talking about Methodist presiding elders the other day. "My wife," said he, "sometimes used to say to me that I was a great deal like any other tramp. Yes, that's true, I have told her-I am like a tramp in some respects, for I go about a great deal, or used to, but in other respects I am not like a tramp. I belong to that great fraternity, the Church, and when I have one meal I may not know where the next is coming from, but I know that I will get it and that it will be the best that the house affords. The tramp eats one meal, and

turedly, "if you ever play that on me again I will have you arrested for cruelty to shoe

then he does not know whether he will be fed when he is hungry again or not. I rise from the bed in the morning, and I might be a hundred or three hundred miles distant by bedtime again, but I need not worry, for I know that the bed offered me would be the best in the house of the brother by whom I was to be entertained. The tramp has no such thing in prospect. How often have I stepped from a train at some small station hundreds of miles from home on a cold winter night, when only a few people could be seen and the place seemed desolate. It always happened that in a moment or two some one would come in a moment or two some one would come up to me and ask my name, and, taking my grip, he would say, 'You are to go to my house; I have been watiting for you.' This is not the welcome given the tramp, who would be driven from the town, perhaps, or sent to the town prison. These things show the difference between the tramp and a member of the Christian fraternity."

The children are talking and wondering

about the great Christmas festival, wheth-

er the good folks feel that this sunny, warm weather is like the holiday weather due or not. A tiny little maid in the car was telling her big sister that she "did hope Santa Claus would leave her a workbox." Then she said she believed her mamma would be Santa Claus this year instead of her papa. A few weeks ago Mr. Emil Wulschner, who personates the patron holiday saint among his many small nephews and nieces, wrote to the small kinfolks, asking them if they had been good children and what they would like to have for Christmas. Each individual child answered the letters. Some of them are funny and others are pathetic. Mother's best note paper has been begged as being the only proper stationery on which a reply might be written. Little chaps who are not adepts with pen have printed their letters, and one, who seems to have wanted his to be the especially nice one, has taken the best paper, unruled linen, and made his own lines. A soft lead pencil has done duty for the lines, and they are not particularly straight but that only shows the ularly straight, but that only shows the effort the little man has put forth to have it correct. The notes have come in all sorts of envelopes, and the addresses are quite as quaint as the letters within. The one with the made lines reads: "Dear Prince Ruprecht—I am a pretty good boy most of the time, and I would like a box of tools. Your little friend, —." A little friend in Germany sent a note in response friend in Germany sent a note in response to the one from Prince Ruprecht, all written in German, and neatly, too. This one is from a boy, who will be a credit to his uncle, no doubt, one of these days. His wants are modest, but he knows exactly what he wants: "Dear Santa Claus—I want a powerful microscope, strong enough to a powerful microscope, strong enough to show bacteria plainly, about one or two hundred diameter. I want some books, too. Magic.' I also want some books on astronomy, bacteriology, chemistry and other scientific works. I also want candy, too. Please come to our house on Christmas eve, Please come to our house on Christmas eve, as all of us will be very, very glad to see you." Great big round letters almost fill a business sheet of paper borrowed from papa. It reads: "Dear Santa Claus—I want a soldier suit, the kind that Chas. Mayer keeps. I have been a good boy." Another letter apologizes for not answering sooner, with the excuse that the writer wanted so many things he did not know which he wanted the most. Finally, he says, he thinks he would rather have a football suit than anything else. Still another would "like to have a box of paints." A second one wants a box of tricks and a A second one wants a box of tricks and a book of magic called "The Art of Modern Conjuring, Magic and Illusion." This is no doubt due to the fact that the small boy had been to see Keller, and he thinks he would like to know how things are done, just as dozens of his elders would. Many fathers and mothers would also take an interest in reading the book with the boy. One letter is written in jingle fashion, and was evidently the work of the papa of a boy too tiny to write for himself. A big wagon, a new sled, "cause my other one is broken," and a story book show that this child has faith that winter will come

some time. How easy it will be to give pleasure to the children in this way by letting them have just what they want. When a woman has everything that money will buy, her friends and relatives have great difficulty in selecting a gift at this season. It is probably more trouble and anxiety than it would be to buy and furnish a whole house for themselves. Two friends went down town a week ago and after a great amount of looking about they finally decided on a beautiful set of china. While they were buying it, of course, they mentioned who it was for before the merchant. They left the set at the store, to be sent just before Christmas day. The day after the china was bought and the women were so relieved that they had found something to suit them, the friend for whom they had chosen them went into the same store, in the course of her Christmas shopping, and the clever, brilliant, smart store-keeper showed her the china and told her it had been bought for her. Then what a climax. The merchant has lost two good customers, for the ones who chose the china "will never, no, never, darken his doors again, as long as they live, and, what is more, they will tell every one about it." after a great amount of looking about they

The would-be masher usually comes to grief sooner or later. In this Northern city, where so many young women earn their own living and have to be out upon the street in the winter time after darkness has set in, the masher has a peculiar opportunity to press his purpose. Pretty faces and fair forms there are in abundance to tempt him. One of the masher type recently came to grief. He espled a handsome young woman of excellent family and with responsibilities, going home after a day with shorthand, typewriter and neavy books. Catching up with her, he said, tipping his hat:

"Good evening." The street had an electric light a square off, but just at this point it happened to be dark. It was not so far from the busy center that the young woman thought her-self in danger, but her indignation fairly boiled as she found herself addressed under such circumstances by an entire stran-ger. It grew no less as he kept stride with her and waited for her to speak. She dared not seem by speech to give the impudent fellow encouragement, even of anger, in a dark place, for anger at first was what he expected, trusting to his persuasive powers to soothe the ruffled feeling. She walked on, aiming to reach the electric light, moving a little faster, but the tric light, moving a little faster, but the masher kept pace with her. "It's rather a bad night," he ventured again, in the hope of drawing her out. Still she did not speak. The silence was as deep as the gloom. They were nearing the light and the young woman was preparing herself for a speech, though he could not see the expression of her face. He seemed to think she was merely frightened. Suddenly they burst into the brilliant light. Then the insulted girl turned upon him with a blaze of the girl turned upon him with a blaze of the eye that rivaled the glare of the lamp, and, with a voice that rung with the sense of injury, she said:

"You darn fool, mind your own business!

The masher slunk away as fast as he could, and the girl kept on her way home, still damming up her tears. She did not beshow her woman's nature till she was safe home. Then her tears flowed freely in her sense of safety and relief. The unladylike expression was excusable under the intense provocation.



Notice to Printing and Stationery Houses. The committee on printing and supplies of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Indiana, and of the Grand Encampment, I. O. O. F., of Indiana, will be at the office of the grand secretary, B. F. Foster, in the Odd Fellows Building, in Indianapolis, on Tuesday evening, the 18th of December, 1894, at 7:30 p. m., for the purpose of giving samples for bidders to furnish the printing and supplies of the order for one year, the bids to be furnished and filed the 19th of December, at 2 p. m., sealed, at which time cember, at 2 p. m., sealed, at which time a contract will be awarded to the lowest and best bidder, the committee reserving the right to reject any or all bids. All printing houses are requested to bid.
J. B. KENNER. Chairman of Com. on Printing.

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Teeth extracted positively withou

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ONE DOLLAR in HARD CASH will go almost as far with us as \$2 will at the Credit Stores.

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15c 32-inch heavy-weight Pongee Dress Goods now 20c French Flanne's now FRUIT OF THE LOOM MUSLIN.....

\$1 Chenille Covers 6-4 now \$2 Chenille Cover: 64 now \$1.00 \$4 Chenil'e overs 64 now \$2.39

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50c Huck Towe's, hemstitched, now 29c \$2.25 White Fringe Tablecloths..... \$1.69 Gents' full regular-made 3.50 White Fringe Table-

cloths \$2.39

EXAMPLES

75c Umbrellas, polished crook handles..... Goods reduced to 121c | \$2 Umbrellas, Silk, reduced to \$1.25 \$3 Umbrellas, Silk, reduced to \$1.50 \$5 Umbrellas, Silk, reduced to... \$2.98 25c Gents' Cashmere Gloves, fleece lined..... 75c Gents' Cashmere Gloves now 35c Ladies' brown Cashmere Gloves..... 25c Ladies' black Wool Mit-

tens HOSIERY 71c 25c fleeced-lined Ladies' Hose 10c | 40c fleeced-lined Ladies Hose..... Ladies' Wool Hose reduced to..... Ladies' Wool Hose reduced to..... Ladies' Wool Hose reduced 39c to Misses' Wool Hose reduced 121c to Misses' Wool Hose reduced 19c to Misses' Wool Hose reduced 25c to 20c Damask Towels now 124c Infants' Wool Hose reduced to Infants' Wool Hose reduced 19c to Gents' all-Wool Hose reduced to Tan Hose reduced to......

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duced to.....

EXAMPLES

75c Gents' all-Wool Scarlet Underwear reduced to 39c 35c Gents' grey Underwear, half wool, reduced to..... 14c Boys' grey ribbed, fleecedlined Underwear reduced 42c to Children's Scarlet all-Wool Underwear 12½c Ladies' Jersey Ribb Vests now...... 124c Ladies' all-Wool Jersey Vests now Ladies' Combination Suits now......

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Ladies' Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs reduced to 25c Ladies' Jap Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs reduced to..... 121c 35c Ladies' Jap Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs reduced to..... Gents' Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, wide hemstitched, reduced to......

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EXAMPLES

	Gents' White Cambric	
	Handkerchiefs, hem-	
2007	stitched, colored borders,	4
	Gents' White Cambric In-	
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	Ladies' Hemstitched colored	
	bordered Handkerchiefs	
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Ì	20c Ladies' Swiss Embroid-	
	ered Handkerchiefs now	10
ì	25c Ladies' Swiss Embroid-	
į	ered Handkerchiefs now	121
	35c Ladies' Swiss Embroid-	
1	ered Handkerchiefs now	20
	50c Ladies' Swiss Embroid-	
1	ered Handkerchiefs now	25

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MUFFLERS!

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Never before has such Rockers been seen at these low prices. We have been preparing for this for months, and new we open for your inspection Rockers—

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All this week, every day, and evenings, too, you will have a chance to secure one of these ornamental and useful presents. You will find them by hundreds on the fourth floor. Don't buy until you have seen our stock. As an inducement to buy early, with every

ROCKER SOLD ON MONDAY We will give FREE a Ladies' Silk Embroidered Handkerchief.

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